

Supplement.

Little Feet on the Fender.

In my heart there liveth a picture
Of a kitchen rude and old,
Where the firelight tripped o'er the rafters
And reddened roof's brown mold;
Gilding the steam from the kettle
That hummed on the foot-worn hearth,
Throughout the livelong evening,
Its measures of drowsy mirth.

Because of the three light shadows
That frescoed the rug-old room—
Because of the voices echoed
Up 'mid the rafters' gloom—
Because of the feet on the fender,
Six restless, white little feet—
The thoughts of that dear old kitchen
Are to me so dear and sweet.

When the first dash on the window
Told of the coming rain,
Oh! where are the fair young faces
That crowded again the pane?
While bits of firelight stealing,
Their dimpled cheeks between,
Went struggling out in darkness,
In threads of silver sheen.

Two of the feet grow weary
One dreary, dismal day,
And we tied them with snow-white ribbons,
Leaving them there by the way.
There was fresh clay on the fender
That weary little feet
For the four wintry night
From his grave on the brown hill's height.

Oh! why on this darksome evening,
This evening of rain and sleet,
Rest my feet all alone on the hearthstone?
Oh! where are those other feet?
Are they treading the pathway of virtue
That will bring us together above?
Or have they made steps that will dampen
A sister's tireless love?

THE POSTILION.

We were traveling in France, and chancing to stop over night at a neat little hotel in a wayside village, found our attention attracted to a one-armed gray-haired man dressed as an old-time postilion, whose pleased, simple look denoted that he was not quite right in his mind. On questioning the landlady about him, she gave us this singular history:

I will begin, said she, by telling you that his name is Jean Louis, and twenty-five years ago he was the best-looking lad in the village. He had light, curly hair, beautiful white teeth, deep blue eyes, that had one of the most tender, languishing looks you ever saw. At the same time, among the girls of the village, there was one rather pretty, with a good, fresh complexion, and happy, joyous disposition, who, when she was quite a little girl, they had named Françoise la Belle Brune. Now, Jean Louis and La Belle Brune were neighbors. Jean Louis' mother was a poor old widow, who lived by the product of her spinning-wheel and Jean Louis' wages. La Belle Brune was the daughter of the postmaster of the district, who was a great man in these parts, and the report was that when his daughter married he would count down ten thousand francs as her dot—that which you call marriage portion or dowry—and that was looked upon as a fortune among us.

The consequence was, that when Sunday came round and La Belle Brune, accompanied by her father, went to church, more than one of our young men gazed upon her, more than one mother gave her a friendly greeting, and more than one voice whispered as she passed—“Lucky is the fellow who will persuade her to change her name for his.” But La Belle Brune only loved the look, the smile and the voice of Jean Louis. When at day-dawn Jean Louis started for the fields, it was a rare circumstance if he, instead of taking the short cut across the meadow, did not glide round toward the abode of the postmaster, and lie hidden in a thick mass of honeysuckle, waiting patiently till La Belle Brune opened her window, and, applying her fingers to her lips, the young girl sent him with her innocent smile the morning's benediction and kiss.

This happiness lasted two years. One day, old man Martin—for that was the name which the postmaster went by—said to his daughter: “My child, do you know that you are twenty years old, and not married yet? It is time that you should make your choice. Already people begin to talk about you in the village, and wonder why you are not. Madame Such-and-Such-a-Oae.—From astonishment to calumny there is only one step, and if you persist in your refusal, as up to this time you have done, of the richest and most eligible young men in the place, they will not fail to remark that underneath this refusal something extraordinary must lie—an extravagant vanity, or silly coquetry, or what is still worse, a guilty love affair. I will not allow this state of things, and they must end. So now, I give you a fortnight wherein to make your choice; if by that time you have not done so, I will choose for you.”

La Belle Brune knew her father thoroughly, and that when he said ‘I will,

there was no struggling against him—so she determined to cut the knot and escape from the equivocal position which chance, her heart, and Jean Louis, had combined to form for her. She was perfectly aware that Jean Louis was one of those lads that are supremely happy if they can only get a squeeze of the hand, or the shadow of a kiss; she knew very well that, happy in loving, happy in knowing himself loved, he was quite capable of asking no more, and of going on waiting till eternity. Waiting for what? He himself could not tell; but he felt a presentiment that there were almost insurmountable obstacles to his marriage with La Belle Brune with her rich dot; and he felt that he was not in the position to overcome them.

Now, La Belle Brune began to see very clearly that instead of falling, the obstacles closed around them, and that at some early day they would become insuperable—so she took up her pen and boldly wrote to Jean Louis as follows:

“My father has desired me to marry some one. Go to him to-morrow, and say that you love me, and that I likewise love you, and ask him for my hand.”

Seldom had a young girl taken a like step; never to her knowledge had a maiden said to a young man, who had not addressed a single word of love to her: you love me, and I return your affection. Yet, what was to be done?

The following day Jean Louis dressed in all his best, presented himself before old Monsieur Martin, and said: “Pere Martin, I hear that you wish to get your daughter married; and I am come to ask her hand of you.”

For a moment Pere Martin was astounded, and then looked sternly at the applicant. “Are you mad, Jean Louis?” said Pere Martin, with a harsh tone.

“No, my father,” interposed La Belle Brune, as she came unshrinkingly between them during the conference, as if in order, by her presence, to establish an equality of strength between the speakers. “No father, Jean Louis is not mad. He loves me, and knows that I love him, and it is in consequence of my avowal of my love for him that he asks my hand. You told me to choose a husband. I have chosen; and Jean Louis is my choice.”

I will not attempt to describe to you the fury of Pere Martin, for at that time he was accustomed to see all about him bend under his hand and before his iron will. He saw his own child declare herself in open rebellion against the paternal authority. He answered in a loud and imperious tone of voice. He heaped curses and threats on the heads both of Jean Louis and his daughter, and swore that as long as he lived, his daughter should never be the wife of a common laborer, who had not even a roof to shelter her, nor a fixed business to support her. After having threatened, he begged and prayed; after having expended his vocabulary of curses, he began to reason with the couple, and laid before them the following propositions:

“As for my rich daughter, it is necessary that she should have a husband who has some means; as for myself, I require a son-in-law who will carry on the business to which I owe so much. Let Jean Louis—since it is this young man that you love so well—let him lay aside the pick and the plow, which to this day have only just kept body and soul together; let him put on a postilion's jacket; prove himself to be zealous, active and economical—most absolutely essential this latter; let him amass a dot; and then you, my daughter, shall be his. If he can't do that, he shall not have you.”

The conditions were sufficiently reasonable, and La Belle Brune accepted them. It was agreed upon, after much discussion, that the day when Jean Louis should become possessed of fifteen hundred francs, Pere Martin would call him son-in-law. In order to arrive at this little patrimony, five years were granted to Jean Louis. If at the expiration of five years he did not produce the required sum, then the engagement should be at an end, and La Belle Brune must become the wife of the man whom her father should choose.

The following day Jean Louis pulled on his long boots.

In less than a year he had become the most agile, the smartest, and—wonderful to relate—the boldest postilion of Bourget. His savings increased daily, and you can well understand how beautiful and seductive were the hopes entertained by the two lovers.

One fatal day, toward the end of 1846, during a fearful storm, a post chaise stopped at Pere Martin's house. One young man alone occupied the carriage. Pere Martin urged upon him the prudence of waiting until the storm had somewhat abated, for the thunder rolled with deafening violence. The young man declared that it would be impossible to stop, alleging that a few minutes' delay might be of serious consequence to him. We learnt later that he was the cashier of one of the largest banks in Paris, and that he was flying across the frontier carrying with him a large

amount of the funds entrusted to his care. Pere Martin was compelled to yield to the persistent entreaties of the traveler.

Jean Louis jumped into his saddle, and away the carriage rolled into the storm. They had hardly gone two miles when a flash of lightning more vivid than any heretofore, struck with its bolt one of the tall Lombardy poplars that bordered the road. The horses, for an instant, stood shuddering, and then dashed blindly along the road until, meeting with some obstacle—there was a sudden crash, a groan—and fragments of the post-chaise were lying in all directions. Some people, living near, ran to the spot; and there, nearly side by side, were the young traveler and Jean Louis. After several days of horrible suffering, the former died. As to Jean Louis, he had to submit to the loss of his right arm, and the terrible operation of trepanning. He recovered his health—but his reason had fled forever.

Since that time the poor fellow has not ceased to consider himself still a postilion, and that as soon as he has saved fifteen hundred francs he will marry La Belle Brune. See! he wakes up; do you notice that for the diligence from Paris, you'll be long before it gets here. He'll run ahead of it; he will run by the side of the horses just in the same way you saw him do to your diligence. As soon as ever it stops, he accosts the passengers with his customary sentence, and carefully stows away whatever they may give him. This evening he will bring me his little daily gatherings, with these words: ‘Put this with the rest, Madame Benoit, and when the fifteen hundred francs are complete, let me know, for then I shall go and find Pere Martin, and he is bound to give me La Belle Brune, at once, for you know he promised her to me.’

And La Belle Brune—what became of her?

As she would have religiously kept the word she gave to Jean Louis, so she sacredly performed the promise she had given to her father—she became the wife of the man that he chose for her, without actual love for him, nor yet not without esteeming him. To-day her name is Widow Benoit—at your service; she takes care of Jean Louis, who does not recognize her any more, and often tells her in confidence, that he will have the pleasure of dancing with her, the day that he has the happiness to marry La Belle Brune. You see, Monsieur and Madame; that the craziness of Jean Louis is neither so very bad, nor so very miserable.—He lives in a dream of happiness. Happy, most happy, they who dream!

The Results of an Elopement.

Two months ago Dr. Pierce, of Factoryville, Pa., near Waverly, N. Y., deserted his wife and family, and eloped with Mrs. Riggs, the wife of his hired man. He had the day before prescribed some medicine for his wife, who was ill. After the flight of her husband Mrs. Pierce took the medicine and died a few hours afterward. Pierce and Mrs. Riggs went to Texas, the woman taking her little boy, four years old, with her.—Shortly after taking up their residence in Texas, Pierce subjected Mrs. Riggs and her boy to the most brutal treatment. Three weeks ago Mrs. Riggs, taking advantage of the absence of Pierce, took \$100 of his and fled with her child. Pierce got track of her and followed her. She eluded him, and reached her father in Spencer. She had been very sick on her way from Texas, and died very soon after entering her father's house. Pierce followed her as far as Elmira, where he was warned that he would be summarily dealt with if he entered Factoryville, and he fled in time to escape arrest on a charge of murdering his wife.

What the European Powers Want.

The European powers appear to be still hankering after fresh annexations in the East, England demanding the Khyber and Kurum Passes from the Afghan ameer, France still looking longingly at Tunis, and the two together pressing upon the khedive the adoption of a European ministry, while Russia is claiming various privileges from China in exchange for the cession of a province which she can retake at any moment. Probably the best solution of the Egyptian question would be a joint protectorate, the khedive being evidently not to be trusted. England from Cyprus, and France from her proposed settlement on the coast of Tunis, would mount guard over Egypt, and the splendid resources of the Nile delta would be developed by European capital. But it may well be doubted whether such an arrangement could be lasting. ‘Egypt,’ said the first Napoleon, ‘is the key of the East, and France cannot leave it to England.’ Still less can England leave it to France, and the annexation of Cyprus may yet prove to have been the prelude of that English occupation of Egypt with which the Czar Nicholas tempted Sir Hamilton Seymour twenty-six years ago.

A Savannah man fattens his horse on rice for 9 cents a day.

Use of Coffee.

Much more coffee is used here than in any country on the globe, France being the only land that consumes anything like an equal amount. While tea has taken the place of coffee here to a certain extent within a few years, this is mainly in cities and large towns; and there is no probability of its becoming the national beverage, as it has become in Russia and largely in England. Coffee, although unknown to the Greeks or Romans, has been used from time immemorial in Abyssinia and Ethiopia; since the fifteenth century in Arabia, and since the sixteenth over the remainder of the East. Toward the close of the following century, the plant was carried by Wieser, a Netherland burgomaster, from Mocha to Batavia (Java), where it was widely reproduced, and ere long shoots were sent to Amsterdam, and thence to the Botanical Garden at Paris. Coffee was first drunk in Egypt and Turkey in the sixteenth century, having been brought from Arabia; and Leonhard Rauwolf, a German physician, was probably the first to make it known in Europe, through his travels, published in 1573. Coffee-houses soon sprang up in different countries of Europe, the earliest in Constantinople (1551), and the next in London, the year subsequent. This one was kept in Cornhill by a Greek, one Pasquet, the servant of an Englishman named Edwards, who had brought some coffee with him from Smyrna. The first coffee-house in France was opened in 1671, in Marseilles, and a few months later Paris imitated the example. Before the civil war, coffee-houses, as they are called, were very common in the West and South, and are still, the name being applied to bar-rooms—probably because almost everything except coffee could be had there. The consumption of coffee has increased very rapidly throughout the republic, the poorest people drinking the pure article, so far as they can get it; while in Europe generally the comparatively well-to-do alone can afford the luxury. The chief substitutes, such as barley, crusts, beans, chicory, are seldom employed in this country, most Americans preferring to go without than not to have the real thing. Coffee is an absolute necessity with us, being drunk in the laborer's cabin no less than in the rich man's home from Maine to California, from Florida to Washington Territory. It is said that we import now about 300,000,000 pounds annually, valued at over \$25,000,000, and our yearly increase in the last quarter of a century is estimated at 8½ per cent. against 2½ in Europe, and 4 per cent. for the whole world.

A Revolution in Sentiment.

The Baltimore Sun, commenting on the sentence of Poindexter in Richmond for the killing of Curtis for an alleged insult offered to the former's betrothed, says: The address of John E. Poindexter on being brought up to receive sentence for manslaughter in killing young Curtis, is touching and pathetic. But at the same time it is the fullest testimony to the justice and the expediency of his conviction that could be presented.—The verdict, he said, ‘if ratified by this community, makes me the first victim of a revolution in a traditional sentiment of my native State that has educated me to believe that the defense of woman is one of the first duties a man owes to himself and society.’ First, however, one should be sure that the defense was needed. But the ‘sentiment,’ as he construed it, was an exaggerated and dangerous misconception of a supposed social duty, and the revolution was wrought principally, or immediately, anyhow, by his own very deed. The sort of punctilio which, in that community, used to insist that a supposed lack of courtesy to a lady could only be wiped out in blood has long been overstrained, and was simply outraged and fell into collapse in the presence of Poindexter's deed. That which carried this false and foolish code—for false and foolish it is, though founded originally upon a genuine sentiment of courtesy and gallantry—to its logical extreme, opened the eyes of the community at last to its dangers and its absurdity. Poindexter, as he says, became the first victim of the revolution in sentiment, but that revolution was the immediate consequence of his own act, and he is rightly punished in order to prevent others from making the same mistake about the ‘duties’ of a gentleman. Of course he regrets the consequences of his deed, but this regret cannot restore his victim to life, while his sentence and punishment may save the lives of a good many young men in Virginia who are much too good to be shot down and slain as Curtis was.

Bronson Howard, the American play writer, says that during his recent trip in England he observed that among the gentlemen of that country the habit of profanity has gone almost entirely out of use, and thinks the men this side the Atlantic might profitably follow their example.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat oneself. All sin is easy after that.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

The newest thing in socks—a baby.

There are 4000 women postmasters in the United States, and the number is on the increase.

Instead of calling your silver-haired friend an old dog, why not hail him as a gray-hound?

The difference between a woman and a butcher is that one dresses to kill and the other kills to dress.

An autograph letter of Henry Clay has been published in which he returns thanks for a pair of knit socks.

Some wine bottled A. D. '79 will be opened on the coming 1800th anniversary of the destruction of Pompeii.

I want to be a coachman,
And with the coachmen stand,
And win the boss' daughter,
And drive my four-in-hand.

Count Johannes, the erratic lawyer-actor, recovered a verdict of six cents in a libel suit against the Jersey City Journal.

A young man who has recently taken a wife says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get furniture.

A singular scene is reported from Sumter county, Ga., where a man was discovered drawing a plow which his wife handled.

Old Gentleman: Waiter, how's this? These potatoes are quite hard! Waiter (with presence of mind): Hard times, you know, sir.

A lonely Philadelphia widower, who buried his wife six weeks ago, refused a chew of light tobacco because he is still in full mourning.

The consumption of opium is on the increase in the United States, and physicians claim its evil effects are becoming very apparent.

Gov. Robinson, of New York, is probably the oldest man in the country occupying the gubernatorial chair, being eighty-one years of age.

It is estimated that the value of the straw hats and bonnets manufactured in New England every year is from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000.

Thompson says you may talk of your water cures, your movement cures, and your blue-glass cures, but there is nothing like the sincere, after all.

An elephant died recently in Calcutta which is said to have been ridden by Warren Hastings when Governor General of India, a hundred years ago.

No matter how many of our laden ships may come safely into port, that one which was lost at sea will always seem to us to have carried the richest cargo.

Senator Conkling disapproved of the choice of his daughter Bessie, and would not appear at the wedding. Ex-Gov. Horatio Seymour, the bride's uncle, gave her away.

There's no use in heaving old boots and shoes over the line fence into your neighbor's garden. They won't grow. It has often been tried and always proved a failure.

The nights are at hand when the young man can stroll out with his fair Melinda and tell her more lies in a given time than any machine Edison could get up for that purpose.

The picnic time approaches when man relapses into barbarism and goes forth into the forest to devour his food with a mixture of red ants, decayed wood and gravel.

“The moon is always just the same,” he said, languidly, “and yet I always find some new beauty in it.” “It's just so with the circus,” she answered. “He took the hint, and bought tickets for two.”

The average city man who makes an onion bed all himself in his backyard displays more vanity in sitting on the rear steps and overlooking his handiwork than does his fashionable wife in her parades before the mirror.

“We repeat with great earnestness,” says the New York Observer, “that we do not return manuscripts which are not accepted. The best way for a writer who wishes to keep his copy is not to send it. Then he is sure of it.”

Oh maiden sweet, with pretty feet;

Tipping the fair fields over,

For what do you look by the babbling brook

And amidst the dewy clover?

“Mister,” said she, “you don't know beans;

I'm gathering yellow dock for greens.”

A short time ago a Danbury man had forty dollars stolen from him. The thief was subsequently struck with remorse, and sent back twenty dollars, with a note to the effect that as soon as he received more remorse he would send back the rest.

“Will you try some of my sponge cake, Mrs. Tattletongue?” said she; “it isn't very good, to be sure, I never had such poor luck in my life as I did in making it.” “Why, ma!” cried Johnny, in amazement; “you said yesterday that was the best sponge cake you ever made!” Tattletongue.